

THE BEMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ
brought to bear upon Cemetery Hill and the
ridge joining it
to the Round Tops. Instantly about 80 pieces of
our artillery
—as many as could usefully be posted in our line
facing west
and northwest—took up the challenge, and one of
the grandest
artillery duels in the history of wars followed. All
that I had
ever read in battle-stories of * the booming of
heavy guns out-
thundering the thunders of heaven, and making
the earth trem-
ble, and almost stopping one's breath by the
concussions of the
air—was here made real, in terrific effect. The
roar was so
incessant and * at times so deafening that when I
wished to give
an order to one of my officers I had to put my
hands to my
mouth as a speaking trumpet and shout my
words 'into his
ear. Fortunately the enemy had aimed their
artillery a little
too high, so that most of its missiles passed over
our heads.
But enough of them struck the ground on the
cemetery and
exploded there, to scatter death and destruction
among the men
immediately around, and to shatter gravestones
and blow up
, ammunition caissons. But as most of them flew
over us,¹ rush-
ing, screaming, whirring, and as they burst
above, and sent
down their deadly fragments, they added to the
hellish din a
peculiarly malicious noise of their own. How would
the men en-
dure this frightful experience? One of the hardest
trials of the
courage and steadfastness of the soldier is to
stand still and
be shot at without being able to reply. This ordeal
is especially

severe when the soldier is under a heavy artillery
fire which^
although less dangerous than that of musketry, is
more'impres-
sive oir the nerves. It bewilders the mind of the
bravest with,
a painful sense of helplessness as against a
tremendous powerv
and excites to peculiar vivacity the not unnatural
desire to get;
into a safer place out of range. As a matter of
course we or-
dered the troops to lie down flat on the ground, so
as to preserrt
the smallest possible target. But when I
observed the effect

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